

MEET KALE:



THE OMEN

ORIENTATION EDITION!

*Volume 41
Issue 1*

OMEN ORIENTATION EDITION BROUGHT TO YOU BY:

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Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu or F. Stewart-Taylor, box 1092

Policy
The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

Front cover by Elizabeth Fabino
Back cover by Jake Lichter

EDITORIAL

Welcome to a very special edition of The Omen.

Let me back up for a second, though. Maybe you don't know what The Omen is. Maybe you just picked it up in Saga or in the mail room because you were curious. Here's your answer: The Omen is Hampshire's free speech publication. We publish anything and everything. Take a look at our policy just to the left there; those are your only restrictions. As long as it has your name attached to it, and as long as it's not libelous, we will publish it.

This particular issue of The Omen was put together by the Make Your Voice Heard: Intro to Free Speech and Journalism at Hampshire (which is an obnoxiously long and pretentious way of saying WE ARE DOING AN OMEN ISSUE, WOW) orientation interest day group, whose names are listed, again, over there to the left. We also solicited submissions from a few other interest day groups. Unlike our usual sections of Speak, Lies, and Hate, this issue's sections are divided into Section Kale Cats, Serious Cereal, and Silly Cereal, names collectively decided upon by the group. We will return to your usually scheduled speaking lying hatred next issue.

Also, I should mention one other thing. There was one really, really cool piece of artwork that was submitted by someone in another interest day group (I believe the Experimental Handmade Media group? I might be wrong, though) that we couldn't print in this issue because it didn't have their name on it. If you're that person, please let me know via either jrg11@hampshire.edu or omen@hampshire.edu so that we can print it!

Anyway. Now that that's done, I can get to the important part of this editorial.

So I was originally going to write some flowery

crap about orientation and how great my group was. The night before I started writing this, though, I was in the middle of tidying up in the Omen office, and I made a terrible, terrible mistake.

You see, here in the Omen office, we tend to accumulate a lot of random junk. Among that junk is a mini-fridge, marked ominously with only the name "Ethan." It's been here in the office for as long as I can remember, so naturally, I figured that it was probably empty. No way would we have kept it here if it actually had stuff in it, right?

NOPE.

I opened the fridge, and an unimaginable horror broke loose. I caught a glimpse of a form unknowable to mortal eyes, and the stench of death and decay filled my nostrils. I closed the door as quickly as I possibly could, but the smell of rot lingered.

How long has that fridge actually been there? And, more importantly, what did it originally contain before it deteriorated into some disgusting goddamn slime? I'm not even sure I want to know the answers at this point. All I know is that I want that goddamn fridge out of this goddamn office AS SOON AS HUMANLY POSSIBLE. I would take it out myself, but it's too heavy for my weak noodly arms. So I'll pay anyone \$10 who's willing to take it outside to somewhere no one will ever find it again. Seriously. \$10 for you if you're willing to carry a gross fridge. It's a great deal.

-Jonathan "The Orientator" Gardner

Section: Kale Cats

POSTERS

my name is treat shepardson

yep

My favorite sign in this room says "A BUNCH OF SELF-AGGRANDIZING BULLSHIT". It's very reassuring. You should make fun of yr work. Its a healthy relationship to have with it, or at least a very honest relationship with yr unhealthy relationship with yr work. The next best sign says "I HATE KALE / THE ENEMY" which is also a friendly presence. Health trends are terrible. It is terrible that the consensus is over which way to be miserable for many years in order to live a few more years won't even stay consistent for the amount of time they claim to allow you to extend yr life, dying slowly and full of regret. It is terrible that people claim to love kale. Like recently so many people claimed to love ginseng. These are unpleasant-tasting foods with nebulous health claims. It is not impossible for some people to like them, it is just that statistically many of these people are lying. Kale is not popular on its own merits. Health fads are gifts for the over privileged and email scams for the purportedly intelligent. Superfoods are a pseudo-science. Cleanses are a psuedo-science.

The promise that accompanies a health fad is that you will eat a lot of something and yr life will improve without you really having to change. This is the same promise as diet coke. This is only useful to punish you for talking about The Singularity and drinking bottled water while casually observing how stupid other people are. You are not a part of the category of people that never believes stupid things for an irrational reason. There is no such category of people.

My least favorite sign in this room say "WE HATE SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO". I like how this sounds, it's just that I can't get behind it. You all have to hate things somethings. You have to be able to negate and annihilate, not wait for someone else challenge an idea. If we fail to call each other out our lives will be full of kale, however smart we think we are. We need tools to oppose kale in whatever form it takes. You have to refuse to accept this article because you know more about kale than me. This is a bunch of self-aggrandizing bullshit.

Campus and the Lack of Cats

by Kayla Girdner

Cats, as I think many people believe, are very magical animals. From witches to the ancient Egyptians to internet fandoms, the cat has long been adored by we puny humans. It is no wonder why we adore our furry feline friends. And I think Hampshire students in particular shares a lot of similar characteristics with them.

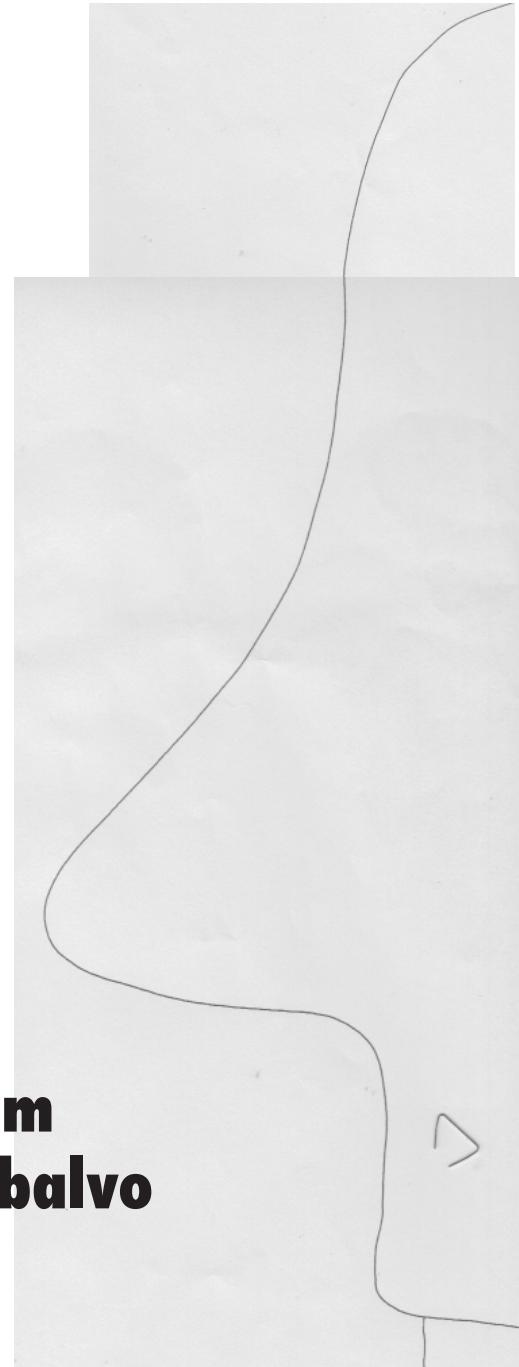
Cats like being independent and hate being caged for long periods of time; we go to a school where we design our entire curriculum and have the ability to attend classes at four other colleges. They love a good ball of yarn; we knit ourselves lopsided hats and have a yarn spinning class.

Felines are fuzzy and come in a wide variety of colors and patterns; Hampshire students dress up in fuzzy cat costumes and wear onesies to the dining commons. We are conscious of our environmental impact and try to reduce our carbon foot print; a cat eats grass and then digests it and buries it back into the earth where it serves as fertilizer for more grass to grow from - how eco friendly!

In light of these similarities, it seems curious that there aren't more cats on campus. Sure I've heard tell of the majestic barn cats that shun human contact (and I respect their decision to live that sort of lifestyle.) But I believe that since us students harbor such similarities to this elusive creature, we adopt them not only as our mascot but also as part of the Hampshire

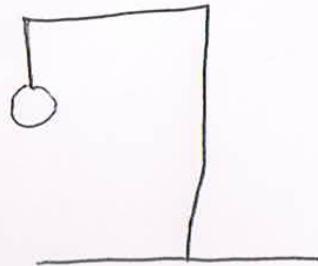
atmosphere.

Every Saturday should be Caturday. And on this day every student will be given a cat friend and they can spend the entire day being surrounded by cats.



by Sam
Giambalvo

✓



Morgan
Sweeney

TAKED
TAKED
TAKED

H a m p s h i r e

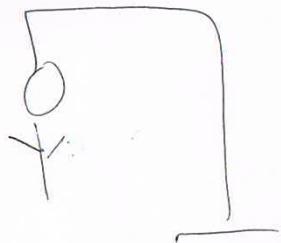
C o l l a g e

Joe
Berrard

Morgan
Sweeney

Hans
Fett

6V



Joe
Berrard

Y O U

L O S E

6

Kale recipes

Submitted by Elizabeth Fabino

Kale Chips

Tear leafy parts from a kale into 2?-3? pieces. Mix 3 Tbsp. extra-virgin olive oil, 1 Tbsp. sriracha (optional) 1 Tbsp. soy sauce, 1 Teaspoon of garlic power (salt and pepper to taste) in a large bowl; add kale and toss to coat. Spread out kale in an even layer on a baking sheet. Cover with another baking sheet and bake in a 325° oven until crisp, 10-15 minutes.

Kale Stew

1 cup peanut butter (chunky/smooth)
1/3 cup water
1/4 cup packed brown sugar
(optional)
3 tablespoons vinegar (rice, white)
2 to 3 tablespoons soy sauce (to taste)
2 tablespoons sesame seeds
2 tablespoons chopped, peeled ginger
(1 tbs powdered ginger)
3 cloves, garlic, peeled
1 tablespoon sriracha
12 ounces dried udon noodles or egg-free (flour and water) noodles
or spaghetti
1 1/2 pounds butternut squash,
peeled and cut into 1/4 inch thick slices,
1"
12 ounces curly kale, stems removed,
sliced
Cooking oil spray
1 bunch scallions, thinly sliced
1/2 cup chopped dry-roasted peanuts
Blend peanut butter, water, brown

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sugar, vinegar, soy sauce, sesame seeds, ginger, garlic, and sriracha in blender (or food processor) until smooth, adding water by tablespoonfuls if too thick. Set aside.

Cook noodles. Drain noodles in colander, running hot water over them. Set aside in the sink to drain.

Place squash pieces in one layer on a large cookie sheet, spray lightly with oil, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Broil about 3? under the heat source until the squash tender and slightly charred, on both sides.

Add kale on top of the squash, spray with oil, and sprinkle with salt. Broil briefly until the kale is tender and a little brown around edges.

Toss drained cooked noodles, green onions, and peanut sauce in large bowl. Divide mixture among bowls. Top noodle mixture with squash and kale. Top each serving with chopped peanuts. Serve at room temperature.

Section: Serious Cereal

Thoughts on the Zimmerman Trial

Maia Holloway

The news of George Zimmerman being found not guilty left an acidic taste in my mouth. My heart skipped a beat and I grew to become even more disappointed in this system that was supposed to be ingrained with justice. It was a disgusting thought that someone could get away with doing something so malicious, so single-minded. And all I felt that I could do was sit there feeling helpless and cold.

It didn't matter that Martin was wearing a hoodie at night. The amount of times that I've worn a hoodie I shouldn't be here right now. Oh and how Zimmerman was "just trying to do his job", as if that was even a thing. As if he was really going to save the day by cracking down on the threat an innocent black young man who was carrying iced tea and Skittles. Yes, Skittles are dangerous.....if you're on a diet. And I love when people on the news talk about how Martin started fighting Zimmerman first. If some creepy person starts following me around there's a good chance he or she will get punched. Period.

People who don't see this as a problem with race relations in our country have never experienced racism. Don't be a fool, it's alive and well. The fact that Martin smoked weed shouldn't dehumanize him either, yet Fox Noise loves to point that fact out whenever they can. If we allow people to be killed by the fact that they smoke weed and could (not really) be a danger to society, than half my high school along with Dave Chappell, Cheech and Chong, Seth Rogen and Snoop Dogg would be in danger just like Trayvon Martin. Thankfully most of us aren't Fox Noise. I did get over my disgust with the verdict. I pushed it so far into the back of my sub-conscious that I don't get as angry as I used to. But it's a fact that I'm a black woman living in a country where it's normal in the South for black men to be killed because of the color of their skin and that racial profiling to a good amount of people is considered necessary. As I get older, I'm slowly realizing that very few people value a person's character over the color of their skin. It's a fact that I hope will never effect what I want to do in life but it's something that without a doubt will. And it probably will never change completely, or at least not in my life time.

HOLD ONTO YOUR BUTT!

until you reach
a proper receptacle!

**Submitted collectively by the Get
the Word Out: Responsible Activism at
Hampshire interest day group**



summer minded

Cray Novick

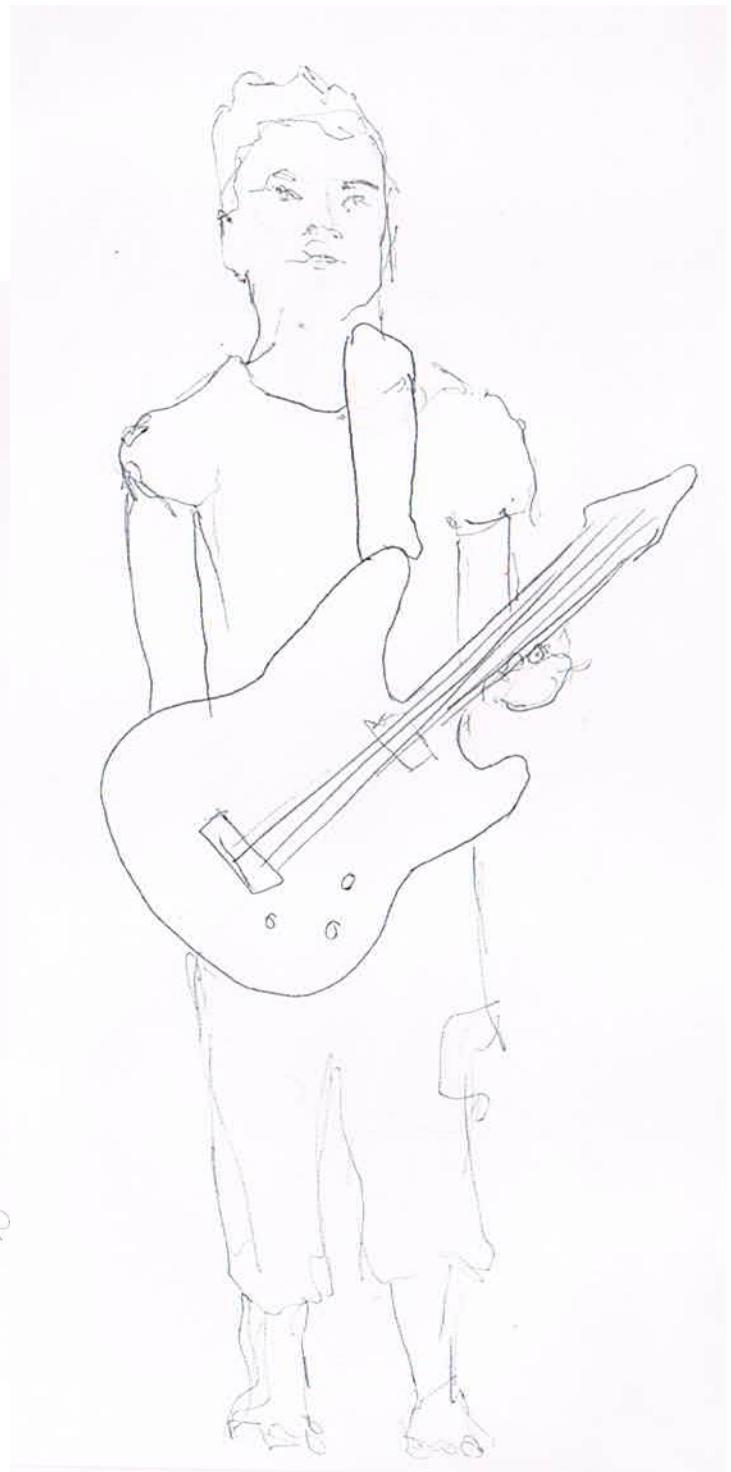
an attic with a blanket on the floor.
walls bare and nothing more.

window becons still,
a robin on the sill.

nudge the pane and
wings tease through the opening.

pedals fan around her beak,
flower overcomes the bleak.

**Art on this page by
Luna Goldberg**



Secton: Silly Cereal

I Went Out to Lunch with Henry David Thoreau

Morgan Sweeney

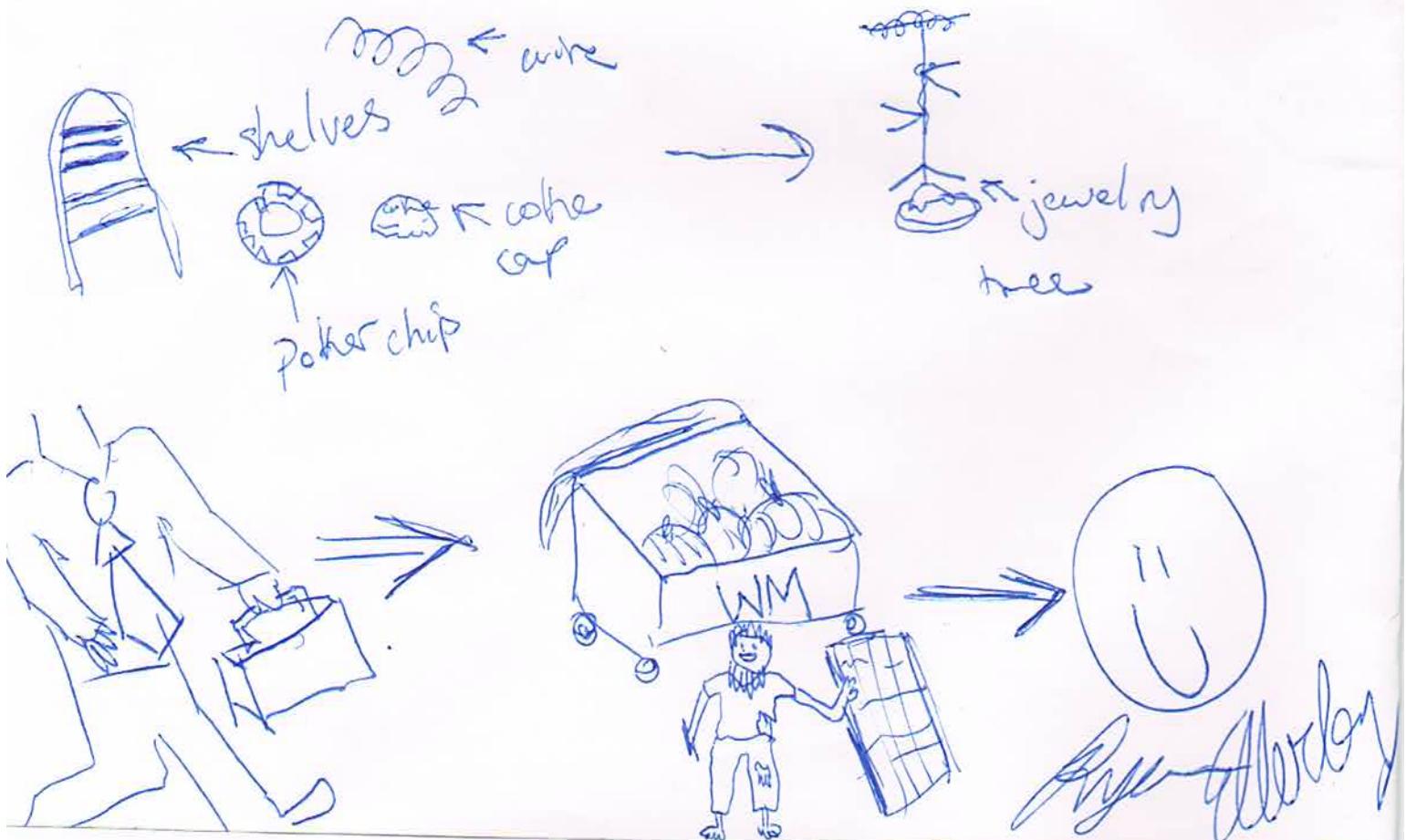
nothing makes sense nothing makes sense nothing makes sense nothing makes sense makes sense nothing makes sense nothing makes nothing makes sense makes cents makes money makes nothing makes sense makes world makes sense makes people makes nothing makes cities makes streets makes shadows makes light makes sunshine makes sunburn makes pain makes ouch makes sense since pain makes sunburn makes pain makes cringe makes your hand makes a hand makes an arm makes shoulder takes tears makes relief makes exhale makes air makes trees makes air makes leaves makes colors makes autumn makes fall makes birth makes air makes breath makes inhale makes exhale makes relief makes tears makes shoulder makes an arm makes a hand makes your hand makes relief makes tears makes shoulder makes an arm makes shoulder arm hand your hand relief tears shoulder arm hand your hand confusion pain shoulder hand tears relief pain shoulder hand tears money relief cents since nothing makes sense.

A thing about food

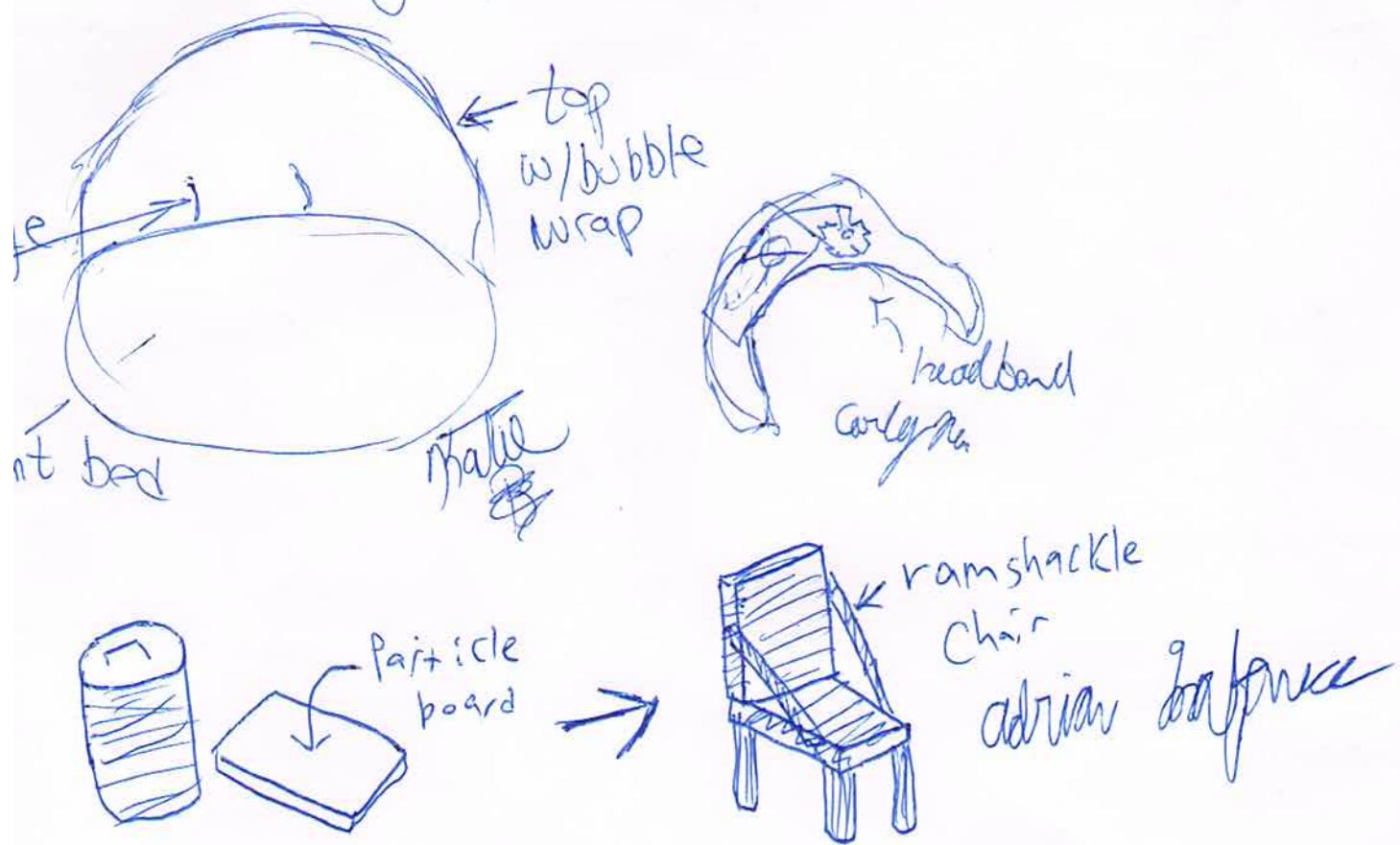
Elijah Palmer

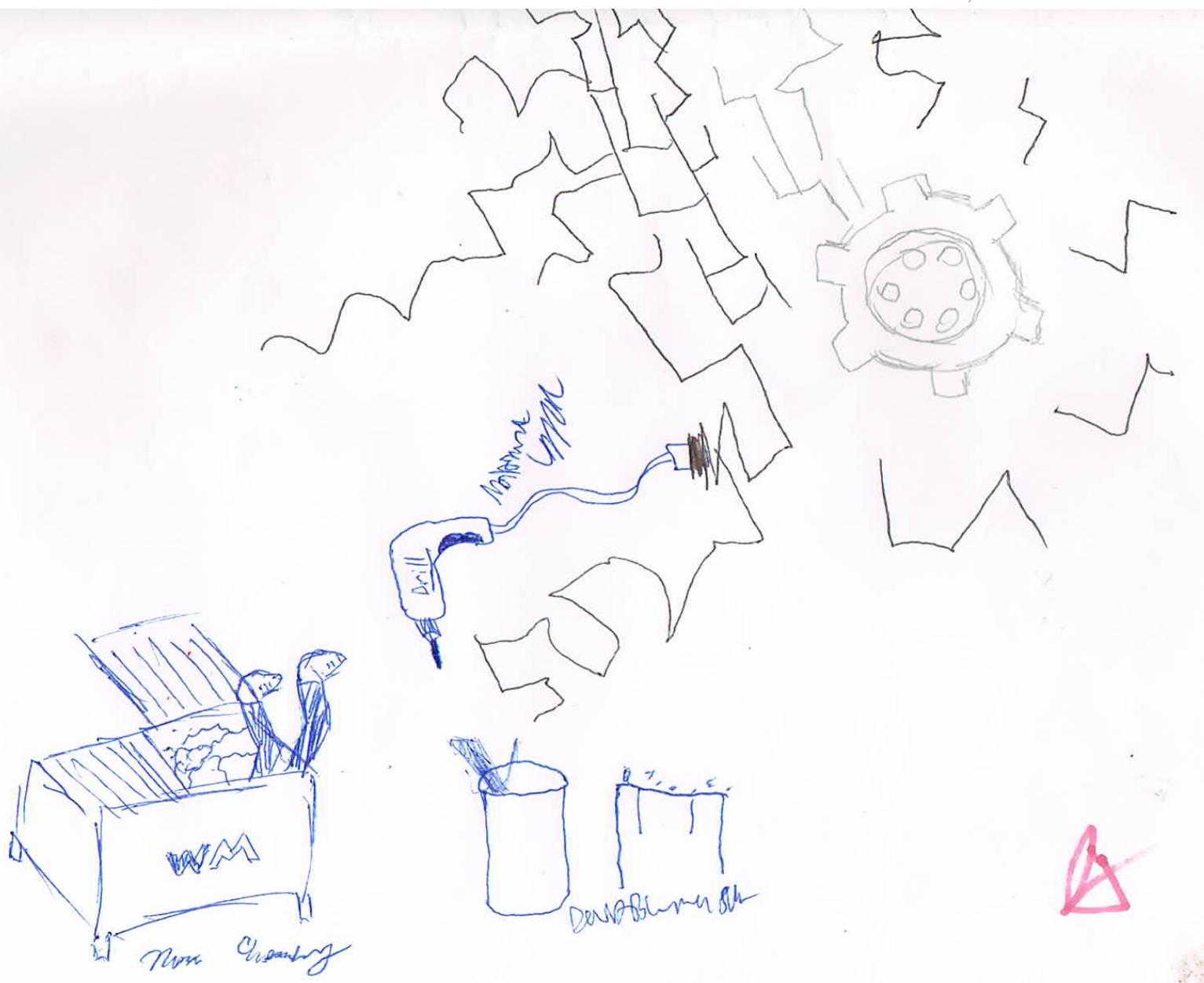
Day 3:

Rations and morale are equally low. Food packed was quickly consumed, and since our first day out here, we've had to survive on food handed to us by the natives; they seem to have digestive systems well adjusted to life out in this harsh climate where good food is scarce. We've lost several of our own already to the food these people happily gobble down on a daily basis. The smart ones have been able to eat the raw, unprepared fruit and maintain some level of satisfaction from that, but I've had no such luck. A man can't truly know hell until he's tasted a vegan omelet. I am in culinary hell.



Portable green house





Drawings of projects submitted by the Creative Reuse interest day group!

PREVIOUSLY
IN
"THE ADVENTURES
OF MILLIE"



WE NOW PROUDLY
RETURN TO

The Adventures of Millie

by Grace Willey

The story of a
Small town girl
learning to survive
in a Politically correct world!

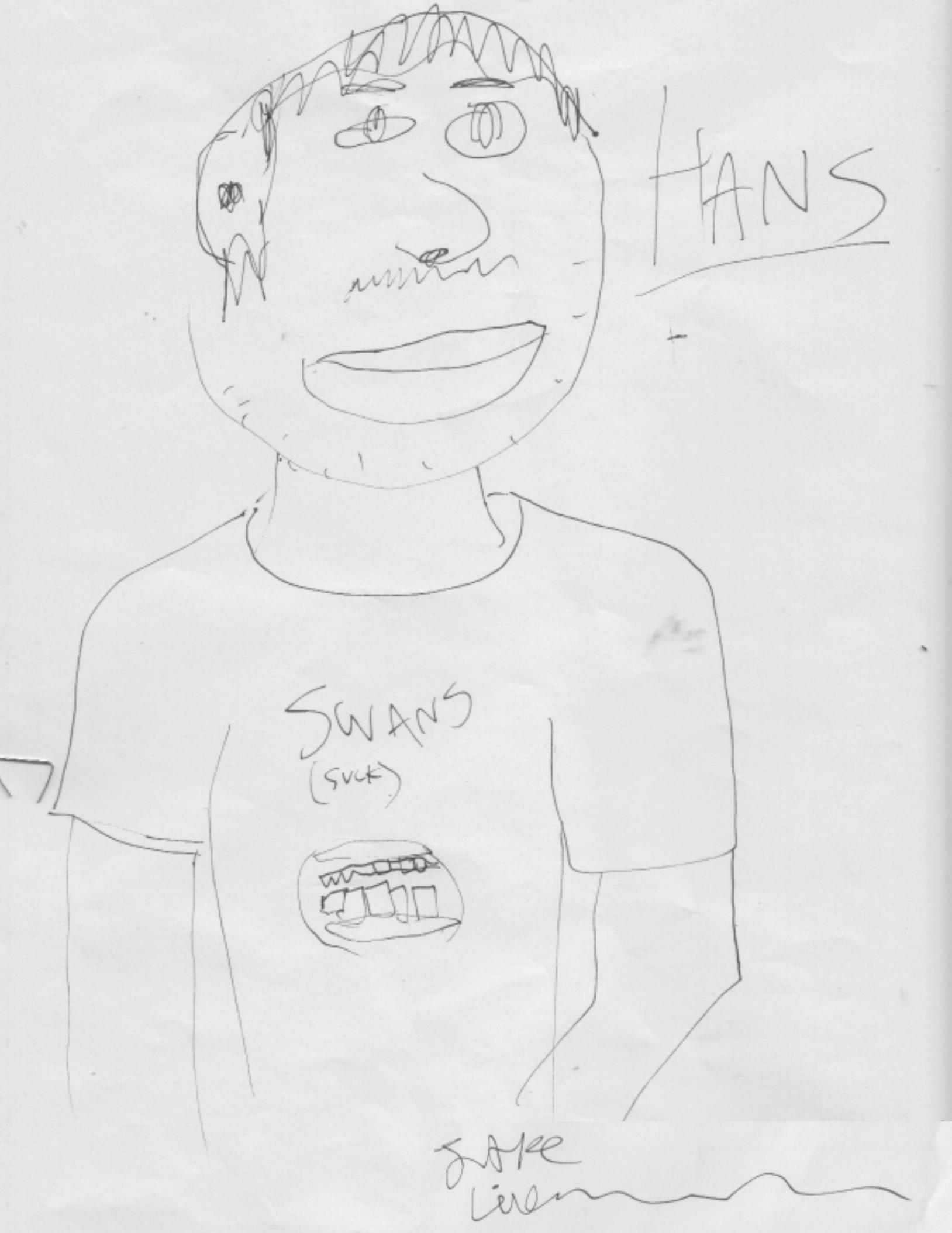


Ollie's
Escapades





Next page to be printed next issue due to lack of space. Sorry, Grace!
-Jonathan



HANS

SWANS
(SUCK)

SOPP
Lisen